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PRICE TEN CENTS.

"What fools these mortals be!"

Puck

ALUMNI ASSOCIATION

PROPERTY.

DO NOT TAKE FROM ALUMNI ROOM.

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A HERCULEAN TASK.



WHETHER it was due to Lawson's story or to the promptings of conscience we do not think the attitude of the protesting clergy who opposed the acceptance of Mr. Rockefeller's money for the redemption of the heathen was well taken. Immemorial usage has made the acceptance of the contributions of conscience to funds for the betterment of mankind perfectly proper, and to Mr. Rockefeller's money, viewed in any light, should not be denied the privilege of doing good in the world. The money itself has not sinned and no honest dollar should be prevented from accomplishing its highest mission. If it has been improperly earned by the donor, so much the more reason why it should be diverted from the coffers of one who is not entitled to it to the all too sparsely filled pockets of those who can make it an instrument for the shedding of light upon dark places. In the hands of missionaries it is at least harmless for evil, which could not be said of it if it were to remain in the possession of one inclined to misuse it, to devote it to the enslavement rather than to the enlightenment of mankind, so that by taking it the Board of Missions merely snatches a financial brand from the burning and makes it a torch pointing out the pathway to more acceptable living in the eye of the Supreme Being. The mission of the Church, as we see it is to put evil out of business, lock, stock, and barrel, root and branch. One way to do this is to gain possession of all the munitions of war at the disposal of the enemy, and to the extent that the Church succeeds in doing that or fails to do it, by just so much is its success or failure to be measured. As long as the acceptance of the contribution carries with it no obligation

to approve the business methods of the donor, and involves no curtailment of the rights of the pulpit to thunder against wrongdoing if the wrong-doing could be proved, there is absolutely no reason in morals why the heathen should not be benefitted by Mr. Rockefeller's relinquishment in their favor of the one hundred thousand dollars in dispute.



THAT EMINENT cryptographer Mr. Henry James is reported to have said that he is astonished to find in this country so tremendous a display of wealth accompanied by a more astonishing lack of anything behind it. Considering its reputed source this assertion is wonderfully clear and to the point.

For once we have a flat-footed statement from one who has hitherto dealt rather in delicate intimations than in broad affirmations, and the mere fact that this master of reticence, this very giant of obreption, whose subauditions, as we might say, are designed more for the ear of appreciation than for the ordinary tympanic membrane of commerce, should in this case emit a trumpet blast so transpicuously unequivocal in itself makes the utterance worthy of note. We doubt not that it will bring much joy to the hearts of those who delight in shying bricks at millionaires, and the pronouncement will do vastly more to popularize Mr. James in this country than any one of his three page exercises in English which pass for paragraphs in his later novels. But after all, is his assertion true? Is it really the fact that our wealthy Americans are cash *et preterea nihil*? We think it is doubtful. There is Mr. Morgan for instance. In a discussion of Art would it be impossible for Mr. Morgan to give Mr. James a run for his money? And Mr. Carnegie—has not Mr. Carnegie a large and growing fund of knowledge about books, which might even tax Mr. James's resources to rise superior to if it ever came to a show-down? Is there more architecture to the square inch in the back of Mr. James's head than Senator Clark has lavished upon New York in that wonderful bungalow of his on Upper Fifth Avenue? Can Mr. James look at the advertising placards in the subway and say that there is nothing back of Mr. Belmont's display of wealth? Can he gaze upon the long and constantly lengthening series of Astor Houses in the world and conscientiously say that this eminent family has merely a front of bonds and no posterior claims to consideration? Did he ever play poker with John W. Gates, or Golf

with John D. Rockefeller, the threesome champion of Lakewood? We doubt it, for if he had Mr. James would have been less sweeping in his one recent lapse into straight English. We of course don't doubt the author's sincerity. That were impossible. No man would write as Henry James writes these days, if he were not a person of intense conviction, nor do we doubt his eye which despite the vagaries of his pen in telling the story of his perceptions has ever been inclined to see straight. The trouble probably lies in the company Mr. James has kept since his return to our shores. He has doubtless met many fat-headed millionaires who without money would stand naked of all virtues and accomplishments, but he must not judge the whole body by the third rate specimens fate has thrown athwart his path. There are others, and enough of them too, to put a quietus upon what we are constrained to believe was a hasty and ill considered judgment.



THIS TALK of Secretary Hay's resignation should be stopped without delay unless, of course, it is based upon the condition of the Secretary's health. Certain assurances were made to the public last Autumn relative to the continuance of Mr. Hay in the State Department, and if ever any man was elected to any office in this country Mr. Hay was elected to fill the one he now occupies.

SEVERAL young men—very young men they seem to be—have latterly got their names in the newspapers in a very undesirable fashion. In the brief space of twenty-four hours four youths of eminently respectable parentage have been overtaken by the Nemesis of Publicity for having indulged in too much liquor, and the punishment that has overtaken them has been overwhelming, sufficiently so, we trust, to act as a deterrent upon others similarly inclined. It is very foolish of boys to drink intoxicating beverages. It is not a manly thing to do, nor is it smart, being rather a symptom of a degenerate nature; neither is there any justification for it since the need for stimulation which may impel some persons of mature years to overstep the bounds of prudence does not operate in the case of youth. Such offenses as can be definitely located, should be punished, but we do not think the penalties should be borne entirely by the boys. In one of the recent cases, rendered all the more painful by the disgrace which wholly innocent parties have been compelled to suffer through the misdeeds of errant sons, the complainant in the police courts was a man who had deliberately sold intoxicants to the youngster of whose behavior he complained. What of this person and his responsibility in the eye of the law? Why was it that the Magistrate who wormed out of a frightened youth his real identity and then proceeded publicly to flay the young man and with uplifted eyes fasten the scandal of the incident indelibly upon an honored name while pretending to deprecate it, had no word of censure for the inn-keeper whose eagerness for profit made it possible for the boy to offend? What became of the law in this instance which forbids the sale of cigarettes and alcoholic drinks to minors? The case, as it appears to us, was one which should have called for some action on the part of the Authorities to penalize one offender at least as drastically as the other, and to the extent that the Justice failed to do this he fell short of his duty in one respect quite as much as he exceeded it in another. There is a pronounced sentiment in this country for what is known as the "Square Deal," and so far in the case in point we have n't had it. All the punishment has been piled up on one side and the other, quite as directly an offender of a specific law, has been allowed to go scot free.



THE NEW "AMERICA."



[President Roosevelt, as he entered to address the Mothers' Congress, was greeted with "My Country, 'T is of Thee," sung by the audience.]

MY COUNTRY, 't is of thee,
Land of fecundity,
Of thee I sing;
Land where our fathers vied,
Land of the patriarch's pride;—
From every cradle-side
Let "Goo-goo" ring.

Let "Da-da" swell the breeze
From every pair of knees,
All, all day long;
Let infant tongues awake
Throughout the night, and make
This life, without mistake,
One grand, sweet song.

"Author" that is to be,
Father of family,
In thee we trust.
Let every groom and bride
Fling the brave slogan wide:
"Anti-Race Suicide!
Pike's Peak or bust!"

B. L. T.

OL' NUTMEG'S SAYINGS.

BOTH parties can't git a bargain at a hoss trade nohow.

All the world loves a lover, but the lover himself tells the world tew go tew blazes ez long ez his gal is around.

Ef men wuz ha'f ez gen'rus with their means ez they be with their advice, they 'd be no millionaires.

Makin' a mountain out uv a mole hill might pay a feller in a locality where land is skeerce.

It don't make no diff'rence now'days who sees it fust, it's who gits it fust.

Haow kin a hoss feel his oats when he don't git nothin' tew eat but bog hay?

They 's nothin' so unsartin ez the things yew are dead-sure uv.

In order tew hev life a merry song, yew must be one uv the singers.

Takin' things intew consideration is of 'untimes better than takin' 'em intew court.

Boys would n't be so willin' tew spade up their mother's flower-beds ef it wuzz n't fur the angle-worms they git tew go fishin' with.

Joe Cone.

WAR NOTE.

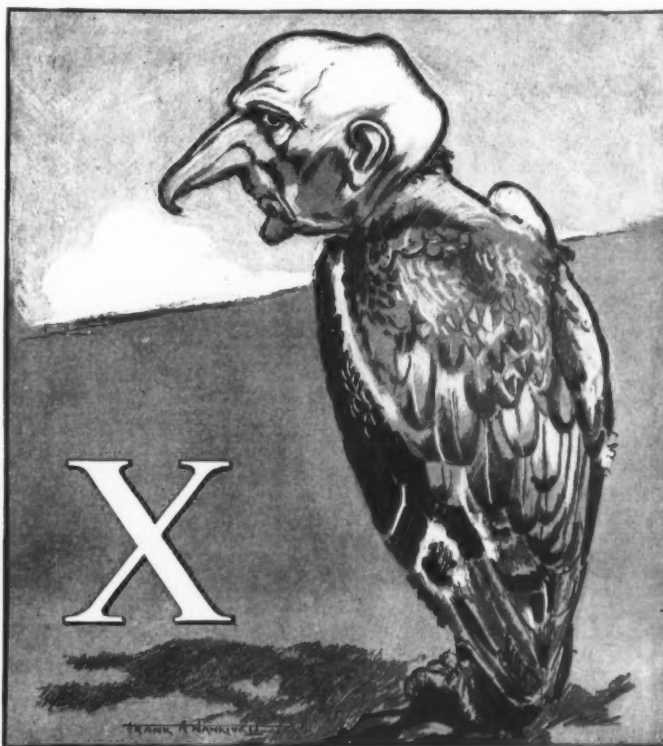
"DID HE hurt me?—umph!" growled a certain colored brother, who had been, by the owner of the poultry, overtaken in the act of embezzling hens. "Did dat white man hurt me? Tell yo', Mistah Slewfoot, he 'd a-hatter beat an' maul me a pow'ful sight mo' dan what he done, befo' I 'd a-laughed muhse'f to deff about it! Yassah! W'y, loogy yuh!—he rotched out an' kotch me by de th'oot, an' squeezed, he did, t'well dar wa'n't a drap ob cider left in muh Adam's-apple! Yassah! Next time, he say, dat



TREATMENT.

"Going off for long, Reggie?"

"Yaas, to the work cure; doctah says I've ovah-wested, deah boy."



Duck's Alphabet.

X STANDS for Eagle, the golden variety,
Loved in all kinds of our human society.
It 's slick and it 's smooth, it 's oily and suave,
Some how it 's a thing you can't have too much of—
Which makes it surprising this bird that you see
Is not quite so popular as he might be.

he comprehends me in dat 'ar vocality atter dark, he 's gwine kill me on de spot. Huh! I 'd dess like to see dat 'ar white man kill me—I would so! I 'd bust his head wid a rock!"

ENTERPRISE.

"THAT FELLOW, leaning against the sign-post over there," said a hypercritical guest, "is boasting that he is the most enterprising man in town. He has been drinking, I judge."

"Yape!" nonchalantly replied the landlord of the Polkville, Ark., tavern. "He 'most generally has. That 's Roderick Dhu Swiggs. When a common, everyday man drinks too much too long, he is liable to see a few snakes and such trifles, but the last time Roderick Dhu Swiggs had the delirium tremens he beheld a procession of sixteen hundred and nine red geese and ganders paradin' past him, and every goose carried a parasol, and every gander was smokin' a cigarette; and if that ain't enterprise, I 'd know what you would call it."

MAKING GOOD.

GUSSIE.—I did n't see you at Mrs. Gay's bridge party. How are you going to square yourself?

REGGIE.—Send her a letter of regret and inclose a cheque for two thousand.



PAINFUL DOMESTIC SITUATION.

UNCLE CHESTER, AFTER A LONG ABSENCE, FINDS HIS NEPHEW, WILLIE, GROWN SOMEWHAT BEYOND THE TOY HE HAS FONDLY BROUGHT HIM.

AN IDLE WISH.



Oh, give me back the good old days ;
I want the simple life,
The care-free times before we knew
Bacteria were rife.

We never boiled the crystal stream
The oaken bucket drew,
And if our mud pies reeked with germs,
At least we never knew.

But now we boil, and bake, and steam,
And disinfect and burn ;
We wash and spray and shake and stir
And fume and scrape and churn.

We think it will prolong our days
No nook or cranny shirk,
And just as every microbe flees,
We die of overwork.

McLaudburgh Wilson.

THE GOTHAM VIEWPOINT.

PHILADELPHIAN.—Have you read Robert Herrick's new novel,
"The Common Lot?"

NEW YORKER.—No. What's it about?

PHILADELPHIAN.—Chicago people.

NEW YORKER.—Good title, eh?

It is always foolish to kick about things that you can't help, but it is a whole lot worse to kick about things that you can help and don't.

THE road to heaven, also, is paved with good intentions, but they are more durable than the ones on the other route.



OUTCLASSED.

GLOOMY CHORUS OF COLLEGIANS.—No show for us in the mile run, boys. That chap is Skinemallski, who ran with Kuropatkin.

STEAM HEATED TALES. BY ARTHUR H. FOLWELL.

THE FALL OF THE FLAT OF PIPKIN.

THIS, in the final analysis, is a tale of nerves and nerve. The former—constant, unflinching, ever exploiting themselves in divers ways and painful. The latter—rarest of the rare, and on the occasion of its solitary appearance, born of midnight dreams and desperation. All of which, be it said, relates to J. Appleton Pipkin and to Prudence, his wife.

J. Appleton Pipkin and Prudence, his wife, were flat-dwellers. Otherwise, the story of their nerves and nerve, however intense, could by no means have secured a passport admitting it to these precincts. That the period of their flat-dwelling was brief, no one who knows them will dispute. It was, unquestionably. But there were reasons for its brevity, reasons delving deeper than the usual reasons in such cases.

The flat wherein the Pipkins dwelt had nothing especially the matter with it. It was well heated; the supply pipe preserved a tropic atmosphere even when the radiator was closed. It was well lighted; at precisely 11:05 in the morning the sun looked upon it at such an angle that a ray entered even at the airshaft window. It was well decorated; the Pipkins themselves chose the color scheme, and hit upon just the paper, finally, to match the pink and purple tiling with which a natty builder had encircled their gas-log grate. Furthermore, the janitor was a civil chap with a sense of plain duty; so "the hot water supply from basement" came always plentifully, cheerfully and steamingly, even on Saturday night when it was wanted all over the house. No, emphatically. The flat wherein the Pipkins dwelt had nothing the matter with it at all. The matter was with the Pipkins themselves; not so much with J. Appleton Pipkin as with Prudence, his wife.

There is no denying the fact that Mrs. Pipkin was nervous, and what is more, nervous in a manner peculiarly her own. Noise agitated her, or to use an expression familiar in the house of Pipkin, "set her all on edge;" but not loud noise. When, in the summer, Mrs. Pipkin went to band concerts at the beach and elsewhere, she fancied nothing better than a seat away down the center aisle. Neither did it trouble her, in winter, at the theater, to find herself squarely in front of the enterprising trombone player. En route to the shopping district, she could hear with perfect composure the motorman's gong-tattoo, when a complacent coal-truck held the track ahead; and as for phonographs, she liked them best with big brass horns that have to be held in place by a stout chain and a tripod. This should fully prove, I think, that the lady's inward antipathy for noise covered none of the fortissimo sort. Those which tortured her, which destroyed her peace, which "set her all on edge," were the subdued sounds, the mysterious cracklings and rattlings, the unexplained creakings, easily converted into footsteps; in short, if the paradox be pardoned, all the silent noises of the night—of night in a flat.

Let it not be judged from this, her failing, that Mrs. Pipkin was frail. She belonged, on the contrary, to that class of estimable women whose weight is an ever present and growing vexation to them. Despite the most desperate of dieting, despite long walks to somewhere and back, despite a course of exercises faithfully performed at prescribed intervals, Mrs. Pipkin, when she tipped the penny scale, threw the mechanism in the most violent panic imaginable, and the pointer on the dial, when it could pull itself together and once more attend to business, invariably registered a pound or a fraction more than upon the last distressing occasion. Thus it happened, one momentous day, that Mrs. Pipkin's weight was 205.

"Splendid, my dear, splendid!" Mr. Pipkin piped playfully, when informed of the gain. "At this rate of increase, instead of being in mortal dread of the Genus Burglar, the pestilence that walketh in darkness and breaketh into flats, you will have only to lure him on and fall upon him vigorously to crush out his wicked and lawless life."

"Appleton, don't!" said Mrs. Pipkin sternly. "Don't, if you have the least bit of regard for my feelings and weaknesses, make light of such a subject."

"I could n't if I wanted to, my love," Mr. Pipkin simpered. "Two hundred and five pounds is scarcely a—"

"Appleton, stop!"

So sharply across the dinner dishes did Mrs. Pipkin speak that her husband recoiled like a carbine. He was not a large man, was J. Appleton Pipkin. When, a year previous, he had married Miss Prudence Peck, his aggregate weight was 121 pounds, no ounces, while that of his bride was close to 186. Now the latter's weight was 205, while Mr. Pipkin's—well, like an inactive stock, it had varied not half a point in the entire twelve months. It is unfair to twit Mr. Pipkin, however, upon the discrepancy in their weights, for had he not, in very truth, delayed marriage for eight long, lean years solely in the hope that Father Time would add to his avoirdupois, as well as to his age, and cause said discrepancy to be less marked—and remarked—upon the nuptial day? Mr. Pipkin, as a fiancé, was nothing if not considerate.

"Appleton," said Mrs. Pipkin, after an evening spent in perusal of the death and wedding notices, the dry-goods advertisements and reported house-breakings that "puzzled" the police, "I am going to retire. If you choose to sit up, you may. But ~~do not~~ lock the door."

With a discreet sigh, Mr. Pipkin arose from his chair.

"Don't you think, my dear," he began gently, "that there is a good deal of unnecessary—er—precaution in our method of locking up? Here on the third floor we are reasonably safe, it seems to me. And besides, this nightly bolting, barring and chaining is getting on your nerves in a way that alarms me."

"Mr. Pipkin," said his spouse with spirit, "if you are too lazy, or too tired, to assist me in the safeguarding of our home, please say so in plain English and I will attend to it alone."

"No, no; you misunderstood me," the head of the flat replied. "I only thought, for instance, that that pile of chairs in front of the dumb waiter shaft every night might be—"

"Dispensed with? When thieves can hoist themselves from our always unlocked cellar to any floor they please? Never, Mr. Pipkin!"

"And then all those bolts on the rear windows—no thief could possibly—"

"Climb the fire-escapes? And why not, Mr. Pipkin? Did n't you yourself admit, the day we went down in the yard and measured the distance with a tapeline, that a man who was tall and agile might reach the first rung from the flagging and swing himself up?"

"But most flat thieves are short," said Mr. Pipkin, feebly; "short and rather heavy, my dear. I—er—read that in the police statistics."

"Do not try to deceive me, Appleton," his wife exclaimed, coldly. "I am no longer a child, but a grown woman; one who recognizes danger and is prepared to face it."

Expanding herself to her full breadth, which was a way she had of drawing herself up to her full height, Mrs. Pipkin struck an attitude of firmness.



Locking up.

PUCK

"Don't let us quarrel, my dear," said Mr. Pipkin, pacifically. "No doubt you are right, entirely right. Let us lock up as usual, and now."

But Mrs. Pipkin's nerves were thoroughly roused. She recalled the shutter which once, at three o'clock of a morning, had flapped in such a manner as to imitate a jimmy at work upon the window sash. She recalled the mouse which, scratching in the preserve closet one creepy night, gave vent to sounds that were positively chilling in their effect upon the spine. She remembered other noises of the silent sort, some of them mysteries still to her, and it was with unusual care this night that she tried every bolt, key, chain and window shutter, and deposited on the floor beside the bed the Pipkin armament for use in case of burglar: a tennis racket, two Indian Clubs (the Doctor had recommended them for another purpose), a Cuban machete and a hat-pin.

Now, while it is undoubtedly true that uneasy rests the head that wears a crown, means that wear crowns are by no means the sole ones which rest uneasily. There was no crown, other than nature's own, upon Mrs. Pipkin's head, yet royalty, the world over, could have furnished no king who turned and twisted more. About Mr. Pipkin, on the other hand, there were no suggestions of royalty save, perhaps, his superior smile to himself as, book in hand, he resumed his chair by the lamp.

"Poor Prue!" he murmured, "It is really too bad she is so abnormally nervous; so timid and fearful. Something will have to be done about it, or it will completely undermine her strength."

Mr. Pipkin raised his head and listened. There were sounds, orotund voices, in the direction of the parted air-shaft window. For a second or two, Mr. Pipkin's face wore a look but poorly befitting a man of such iron nerve; then his smile returned and broadened.

"It's that dramatic society," he said to himself. "They are rehearsing again downstairs. Why do young people attempt melodrama, I wonder. They make themselves so thoroughly—"

"Go over that part again and this time do it right," came in authoritative tones up the air-shaft.

"That's the bright young stage manager," thought Mr. Pipkin grimly. "Very well. Tomorrow I'll speak to the agent. Hello!" he added aloud, "the lamp's going out."

Checking an expiring sputter with a well directed puff, Mr. Pipkin, in total darkness, moved cautiously through the room. It was Fate, an unfeeling, chuckling Fate, that caused him to collide with a pedastalled jardinière just at the moment when, echoing with amateur passion, passion trebly intensified by walls of brick, the air-shaft window shot forth these terrible words:

"By Heaven! It is your life or mine!"

The thing happened all at once, Mr. Pipkin said afterward—some days afterward. The jardinière toppled with a grinding crash; the rehearsal roared in the air-shaft; Mr. Pipkin, vastly out of temper, used a term quite common in his bachelor days, and then—something fell on him; something heavy, something muscular, something determined, and flattened him to the floor.

"Quick, Appleton, the police! I've got him," the something shrieked. "I heard you threaten my husband's life, you ruffian! I heard you strike him down! I heard you!"

With a thrill, Mr. Pipkin recognized the voice. It was his wife's.

"Be calm, Prudence, be calm," cried he in stifled tones, for talking is difficult, be it said, if one's lips are pressed to a carpet, "you're safe. Cuck-calm yourself."

"Appleton, the police—quick!" gasped Mrs. Pipkin. "Wretch! If you have killed him—"

A mastery by mail of jiu jitsu, J. Appleton Pipkin numbered not among his accomplishments, but by wriggles, Japanese in their deftness, he managed

to free himself. Strange to say, there was no pursuit. Only silence, deep and uncanny.

Mr. Pipkin found a match, finally struck it and lit the gas. Mrs. Pipkin, the picture of bewilderment, sat upon the parlor floor and rubbed her eyes.

"What has happened?" she asked blankly. "What is it?"

"Nothing, my dear," Mr. Pipkin purred, with admirable control. "It's all right, right as a rivet. You took me for a burglar, that's all, jumped on me in the dark and almost—"

"I remember now," said Mrs. Pipkin, resting her elbow upon a handy taboret. "I was dreaming and I heard a man's voice threatening you and then I heard you fall—"

"I didn't fall, my dear," said Mr. Pipkin.

"You didn't fall?"

"No; it was the jardinière and palm."

"But he threatened you—"

"He didn't, because he—whoever *he* is—wasn't here. You heard them rehearsing down stairs—through the air-shaft window, you know."

"And I assailed you, Mr. Pipkin?"

"You did," said Mr. Pipkin. "I am willing to swear to it."

"Thank Heaven, then, it was you and not a burglar," cried Mrs. Pipkin, rising. "I saw, or dreamt I saw—I don't know which—a bulk in the dark and—Don't stand there like an imbecile, rubbing your arm, but get me the smelling salts."

"I—one hundred and twenty-one pounds—looked like a bulk in the dark," quoth Mr. Pipkin to himself. "She must have been dreaming. My dear," he said aloud, with attempted playfulness, "here are the smelling salts, but if I were you, I don't think I should agitate myself much over what might have been. In fact, speaking from knowledge lately acquired, my sympathies would be largely with the burglar."

"Listen!" was Mrs. Pipkin's only response.

There was a silent noise, a persistent scratching, in the dark of the rear hall.

"It's that mouse," she quavered, "he's gnawing again. I shall certainly go mad!"

Two days later, among its thousands upon thousands of missives, letters of love, of gossip, of business and of bluff, the P. O. handled this one, brief but sufficient:

DEAREST DAUGHTER:—

I received your letter this evening and write at once. You poor child, you! Such an experience. If you like, you and Appleton may have the second floor front and the hall room off, and may move in as soon as ever you want to. It will seem like old times to have you home again. But really, you ought to see Dr. Bismuth about your nerves. You will, won't you? Perhaps, after all, it is best for you not to live alone till you are stronger.

Lovingly,
MOTHER.

"Precisely," said Mr. Pipkin, when the letter was read to him. "It will be time enough when you are stronger."

Next Week—Convenient Mr. Warburton.

WINNING WAYS.

AN ability to make herself politely disagreeable has won for many a woman the distinguished consideration of her friends.

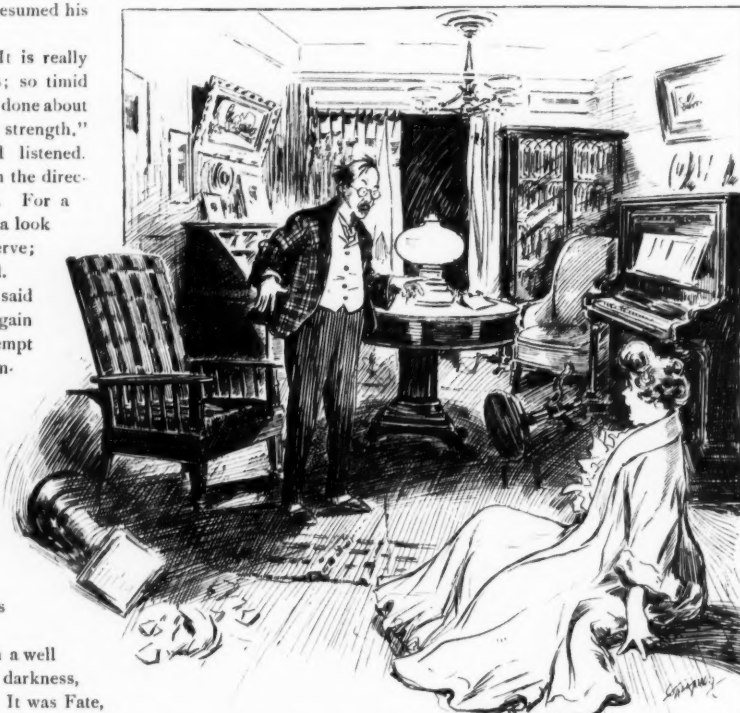
MISERY's love for company is seldom ardent unless company is willing to assume a listening attitude.

JUST THINK!

IF EVERY fool were answered according to his folly, what a lot of silly conversation there would be!

A BRIGHT FUTURE is much to be desired, but a brilliant Past is not to be despised if the money has been judiciously handled.

When we are dissatisfied with ourselves we are in no mood to bear criticism.



"What has happened?" she asked, blankly.

GOING TO BUILD?

ARE you going to build this year? If so, a few suggestions may help you.

Begin by setting up your flagstaff, and from that build downward. This method has many advantages.

First, the saving in time. While you are laying your roof, you may be digging your cellar; while you are papering the walls of your upper rooms, you may be laying your foundations.

Advantage Two: In building a house by the old way, from the ground up, you never know how it is going to look until the work is so far advanced that alterations entail expense. But if you build from the flagstaff down you discover early just the appearance your house will present, and just how strong the foundations should be. This is important, because you might wish to add to the superstructure, and consequently would need heavier foundations.

Perhaps the greatest advantage is this: You have, we will say, pulled down the old homestead and intend a new one on the site. Meantime where shall you lay your head? You cannot inhabit the ground floor while carpenters and masons are sawing and troweling over your head, dropping scantlings in baby's crib and mortar in the breakfast food. But suppose you begin with the attic—This you finish off into temporary quarters, where you dwell in comparative peace and quiet while industry hums below.

INTOXICATING.

Said a man to a charming young miss,
"I hear there are germs in a kiss."
Said the maid, "I'm immune,
So come around soon."
What a prospect for unalloyed bliss!

A final suggestion: Until the builders reach the foundation, it would be a good idea to anchor the superstructure to a tree, as a high wind might carry it off.

PHILOSOPHY is more satisfying to a jaded intellect than to an empty stomach.



ALL 'S FAIR IN LOVE.

NEW OFFICE BOY.—Say, me girl 's comin' round ter see me dis afternoon. When she comes, would you mind lettin' me sit at your desk and manipelate de telephone a few times? I 'm tryin' t' impress her!

FAMOUS SAYINGS OF GREAT MEN.

JAMES G. GARFIELD.—There 's no trust good or bad, but thinking makes it so.

NELSON W. ALDRICH.—Put not your trust in prisons.

H. C. LODGE (after Henry Clay).—Government is a trust, and the officers of the government are trusts; and both the trusts and the government are created for the benefit of the people.

CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW.—Better all trust than be deceived.

PHILANDER KNOX.—Sustained and soothed by the unfaltering trusts, approach thy grave.



FOR THE NEXT HOLD-UP SEASON.

APPROPRIATE LIVERY FOR A BUTLER WHEN ANSWERING THE BELL.

DEFINED.

MIKE.—Phwat is a good openin' fer a young man?

PAT.—His mouth when he kapes it shut.

VINDICATION.

"SIM, you 're an ass—locking the stable door after the horse is stolen."

"Not a bit of it. I want to save the automobile."

A NEW CLASSIFICATION.

"ARE you comfortable in that Apartment Hotel?" asked Binks.

"Hotel?" retorted Bush. "That ain't a hotel. What with the midnight suppers of the sou-brette on the floor above us, the poker parties of the chappie beneath us, and the two A. M. musicales of the prima donna next door to us, my wife and I have concluded it 's apartment wot t'ell."

WHEN people come to a choice between popularity and veracity, the best of them will generally try to effect a compromise.

If we did all the things that we intend to do, we'd soon find that we should n't have time to intend to do so many.



PUCK



ING THE END.

ALUMNI ASSOCIATION
PROPERTY.

DO NOT TAKE FROM ALUMNI HOUSE.

Fearless
Factitious
Frivolous

The Daily Puck

ISSUED EVERY WEDNESDAY

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APRIL 5, 1905.

NO. 4.

FINANCIAL.

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COPPER STOVE.

None of us can live too long to learn.
Even I have learned something in twenty-four hours.
I who knew it all day before yesterday know to-day that an old dog may learn new tricks.
I advised you yesterday to buy **Copper Stove** at 137. If you had waited 24 hours you could have got it for 93.
Why?
Because I've got William, Henry and James so rattled they don't know where they are at.
And I did n't know how badly they were rattled.
I still maintain that 137 is a good price for **Copper Stove**, and I stand ready to get you all you want of it at that figure, dividend on, as long as it is quoted in the market at 94.
Don't let 'em fool you?
I am the only reliable fooler in **Copper** to-day.

THOS. W. BOSTON.

Lawson, April 5, 1905.

THE COURT.

ALTERATIONS TO THE IMPERIAL PALACE AT OYSTER BAY—FOX TRAP ALMOST CAUSES INTERNATIONAL INCIDENT.

The Imperial Palace at Oyster Bay is to be remodelled this spring. A new wing is to be built and will be ready to flap on the Fourth of July.

The Emperor, dressed in the uniform of an Anglican archbishop, preached a Sermon before the Allied Infant Classes of the Principality of Columbia on Saturday last. His theme was, "Deliberation in the Selection of Parents."



Snapshot of the Austrian Ambassador.

The rumors of a misunderstanding between the Austrian Ambassador and His Majesty are without foundation. The fact that the Ambassador stepped into a fox trap set by Prince Theodore in the corridors of the Palace by the prompt action of the Emperor was not permitted to become an international incident.

The public will be glad to hear that His Majesty has graciously decided to abrogate an inviolable rule of the past twenty years, and will shortly per-

mit his photograph to be taken. Thousands of his subjects will thus be permitted to see what manner of appearing person his sovereign is.

The Emperor has withdrawn his letter of congratulation to Field Marshal Niedringhaus of Missouri upon his election to the Senate. A revised copy will be sent the Field Marshal, congratulating him upon his non-election, that body having recently passed out of Imperial favor.

Lord Reid of Whitelaw called upon the Emperor yesterday prior to his departure for the Court of St. James. The Emperor entrusted him with a special Imperial handshake for presentation to his Brother Edward of England.

An official denial was issued by the Imperial Press Agent at the Capital that at the farewell reception to his Senators the Emperor, as a slight to his guests, wore no gloves. On the contrary, His Majesty wore a pair of boxing gloves upon that occasion, and, as an added tribute to his friends, a set of brass knuckles besides.

EXCHANGE COLUMN.

LADY in reduced circumstances will exchange baby grand piano for three square meals a day for one year. Address, HUNGRY, 71172 Amsterdam Ave.

I HAVE nine hundred and sixty-two oil paintings by myself which I shall be glad to exchange for a permanent job paying \$3.00 a week. Address, ARTIST, Van Plunk Studios.

WILL exchange controlling interest in United States Hot Air for American Silver Dollar dated anywhere from 1804 to 1905. FINANCIER, 3727 Wall.

INTERESTED Collector may have a brand-new San Domingo Protocol in exchange for a modern double-barrelled shot-gun or second-hand fountain pen. Address, AUTHOR, State Department, Washington.

WANTED, a chair in the United States Senate. Will give anything reasonable in exchange. Apply J. E. O'S. A., Wilmington, Delaware.

HERE is a great opportunity for collectors. An Aphrodite for a cancelled two-cent stamp, issue of 1905. Apply NATIONAL ARTISTS CLUB, Curator, N. Y.

SPECIAL NOTICE. Will swap one complete and slightly used Department of Street Cleaning for yellow dog named Fido. Pedigree no object. FATHER KNICKERBOCKER, City Hall, N. Y.

SPORTING NEWS.

ROCKEFELLER BESTS OLD SOLDIERS AT GOLF—PHRASE HURLING CHAMPIONSHIPS SOON TO TAKE PLACE.

John D. Rockefeller, the Standard Oil Bantam, won a threesome on the Lakewood Links the other day against a team from the Old Soldiers Home at Hampton, Virginia.

The fight to a finish between Champion Jeffries and Bill Taft's Unknown from Washington, D. C., has been postponed until the Venezuelan and San Domingo questions are in better shape.

Tom Lawson, the well known Word Thrower of Boston, will continue his exhibitions of himself indefinitely.

The All American Tug of War Team for 1905 has been announced. It consists of "Ted" Roosevelt, the anchor of the G. O. P. team; Jack Morgan, the famous pull of Wall Street; Andy Carnegie, the Skibo heavy-weight; Bill McAdoo of New York; Ed Addicks of Delaware, and the Dinosaur. It is believed that no combination under heaven can pull this aggregation over the line.



Scene on the Lakewood Links.

The relay tie-walking match along the New York Central railway tracks from Chicago to New York was finished yesterday. The Tottie Cough Drop Opera Company was first walking into the Grand Central Station, five hours and ten minutes ahead of the Rantington Shakespeare Road Company. The time was two weeks, five days, fifteen hours, ten minutes and two seconds. The Rantington team lost the match through a misunderstanding Saturday night at the Poughkeepsie Lunch Counter, which caused its detention until the Courts opened Monday morning. It was then a good twenty-four hours in the lead.

The contest between Wizard of Oz Villard and Clarry McKelway of Brooklyn for the Heavy Weight Phrase Hurling Championship of Greater New York will be held in the Madison Square Garden at an early date. Geo. Harvey, the Long Distance Sentence Thrower of Franklin Square, will be the referee.

POLITICAL INTELLIGENCE.

There is none in sight, says official observer.

There is no better known name and trade-mark identified with Havana Cigars than HENRY CLAY. This name has for several generations stood for fine quality only, and has without doubt had as much influence in building up the reputation of Havana



La Flor de Henry Clay

Cigars as any one brand known to the public.



SECTY. NAVY—50 CENTS



ADMIRAL—3 FOR \$1.00



COMMODORE—25 CENTS



COMMANDER—20 CENTS



ENSIGN—3 FOR 50 CENTS



CADET—15 CENTS

Here are six new shapes and sizes—original and distinguished! They have the refined "Regalia" style, but modified from the extreme pointed shape. The skill, the experience and the traditions of a century are combined in this new production from the famous HENRY CLAY factory. A selection of tobacco has been made for these six new "NAVY" sizes from our own plantations that is *unapproachable*, for they are mild and yet have that rare aromatic quality so prized in the finer Havana Cigars. They are made in the original HENRY CLAY factory and by the same workmen who have made HENRY CLAY cigars for a generation.

In addition to possessing these characteristic traits of quality and style, these new shapes and these new names are given them to aid the smoker to identify the different sizes and fix in his mind their grading prices. They are now for sale by the leading Importers and Retailers of fine cigars in all the large cities in the United States.


JULIAN ALVAREZ, CALZADA DE LUYANÓ 100

Habana, Cuba

HAVANA TOBACCO COMPANY, 111 Fifth Ave., New York

General Selling Agents for the United States

Lea & Perrins' Sauce
THE ORIGINAL WORCESTERSHIRE



The Peerless Seasoning

Butlers in the best families, chefs in leading hotels and cafes and all first-class cooks can tell you that Soups, Fish, Hot and Cold Meats, Gravies, Game, Salads, etc., are given a rare and appetizing relish if seasoned with **LEA & PERRINS' SAUCE**. Refuse imitations.

John Duncan's Sons, Agents, New York.

Pears'

Economy is a watchword of the thrifty.

That's one reason so many prosperous people use Pears' Soap. *There's no waste about it.* It wears out, of course.

On sale everywhere.

THE IMPROVED Boston Garter

KNOWN AND WORN ALL OVER THE WORLD

The NAME is Stamped on Every Loop

The *Velvet Grip* CUSHION BUTTON **CLASP**

Lies flat to the leg — Never slips, tears, nor unfastens

EVERY PAIR WARRANTED

OF YOUR DEALER
or Sample Pair, Cotton 25c., Silk 60c., mailed on receipt of price

GEO. FROST CO., Makers, Boston, Mass., U. S. A.

ALWAYS EASY

This is a poor time of year for university professors to try to discredit the story of the flood.

BOND & LILLARD WHISKEY

AWARDED
GRAND PRIZE St. Louis 1904

WILSON WHISKEY

THAT'S ALL !

ONE OF our learned magistrates decided recently that matrimony and insanity were not synonymous. Grumpy old bachelors, however, will declare that matrimony causes insanity, and insanity causes matrimony.



UP-TO-DATE.
THE MARINE FIRE DEPARTMENT.

An ounce of sherry and a table spoonful of Abbott's Angostura Bitters before meals is a wonderful appetizer.

VICE-PRESIDENT Fairbanks, having become a Royal Arch Mason, is already laying bricks for 1908.

MRS. CHADWICK is not the same woman since they took her fountain pen away from her. She can't seem to use her prison pen.

A FINNISH GOVERNOR, Mjasojadoff by name, was shot the other day by a revolutionist. Finnish, in his case, has now but one n.

IT WOULD take a pretty active man to stand in Gov. Douglas's shoes — that is, in all of them at once. He owns more to the square foot than any other man living.

SAGACIOUS statesmen are telling us now that Japan looks with longing eyes at the Philippines. If this be so, we will have to frame a Benevolent Assimilation Doctrine.

"QUALITY REMEMBERED long after price is forgotten"

THE ONLY **COCOA & CHOCOLATE** OF WHICH THIS CAN TRULY BE SAID IS

Kuyler's

SOLD BY GROCERS & DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE

GETTING AHEAD

Many people never get ahead until they go in debt. Debt may be safely and honestly incurred when a good life insurance policy runs along with it. Consult the

PENN MUTUAL LIFE,

921 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.
Send for (free) descriptive booklets. We do business through correspondence.

FROZEN MORTAR.

FLATS are going up everywhere. — *Real Estate Item.*

Flats are falling down everywhere. — *Police Item.*

WILD GESE are flying north again. Tame geese, we have with us always.

IT is going a bit too far, we think, to say that the Beef Trust's leading witness will be a person named Garfield.

THE pillory has been abolished in Delaware. There's progress for you! Who knows but Addicks may some day be abolished.

A PROTEST has been sent to the President against his riding on the U. K. & T. Railway when he visits the South because it is a non-union road. An investigation is being made to discover if the President's legs belong to a Union, and if it is found that they don't he will probably be urged not to walk on them.

To prove the excellence of

COOK'S CHAMPAGNE Imperial Extra dry

try a bottle. Sick people drink it as an invigorator; well people as a tonic. Quality and purity make it the favorite Champagne.

SERVED EVERYWHERE
AMERICAN WINE CO., ST. LOUIS

Low Rates Again
To **California**
\$42.50, \$50.00, \$60.00
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NEW YORK to NEW ORLEANS
thence rail through
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32, 34 and 36 Blacker Street.
BRANCH WAREHOUSE: 20 Beekman Street, NEW YORK.
All kinds of Paper made to order.

WOODBURY SOAP CREAM POWDER DENTAL OR FACE

FOR THE

The Scalp and Hair are often neglected by the average man until dandruff taps him on the shoulder. Woodbury's Facial Soap lathers into a perfect and curative shampoo; exit dandruff. Send 10 cts. for samples of all four preparations.

The Andrew Jergens Co. Sole Licensee, Cin. O.

WE BATTLE AGAINST THE DRUG CRAVE
A LASTING CURE ENSURED
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THE remedy we offer has been used with convincing success by our associate physicians in their private practice for many years. Cases in all stages have been permanently cured. By the use of this remedy, a portion of the drug is expelled each day from the system, its tonic properties supplying a natural strength in place of the fictitious support formerly supplied by the drug. Each case is diagnosed and treated individually, treatment being taken at patient's home without interference with daily occupation. A fair trial means a positive cure. Should any patient consider treatment unsatisfactory at the end of two weeks, we will gladly refund the entire money paid.

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**Cause
and
Cure of
Accidental
Discharge**

THE CAUSE:

The firing pin on other revolvers is controlled by the hammer, and in conjunction with each other, causes the discharge of the cartridge; consequently when the hammer comes in contact with something solid—by dropping the revolver, or otherwise—the concussion explodes the cartridge, a result that is impossible with the

**IVER JOHNSON
REVOLVER**

THE CURE:

The hammer (3) and firing pin (2) on the Iver Johnson are inoperative and useless except when used in conjunction with our safety lever (1). The hammer never touches the firing pin and the firing pin cannot be brought in contact with the cartridge unless you deliberately pull the trigger (4) until it lifts the hammer to full cock, or firing point. When the trigger is pulled, the safety lever rises between the hammer and firing pin (shown on the right), receives the blow of the hammer and transmits it to the firing pin, and the discharge follows. That is why you can hammer the hammer of an Iver Johnson, drop it on the floor, throw it anywhere, as contact with the hammer will not discharge it; you must pull the trigger deliberately.

Iver Johnson Revolvers are absolutely safe, perfectly accurate and thoroughly reliable; that is why they have the largest sale in the world.

Iver Johnson Revolvers are for sale by all leading Hardware and Sporting Goods dealers—Hammer, \$5; Hammerless, \$6.

Learn more about them by writing for our bright little booklet, "Shots"—it's worth having anyway—sent free upon request, together with handsome catalogue.

IVER JOHNSON'S ARMS AND CYCLE WORKS
Fitchburg, Mass.
99 CHAMBERS STREET, NEW YORK



MERELY PRUDENCE.

HUSBAND.—You ought to know more than to order a pearl necklace when you know how I'm fixed!

WIFE.—Why, John, do you think I want everybody to know how you're fixed?

A tablespoonful of Abbott's Angostura Bitters in a glass of sweetened water after meals is the greatest aid to digestion known.



**Built to Please the Most Fastidious Sailor.
Launches, Auto Boats, Hunting Boats,
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for any type of engine. Our boats are designed by and built under the supervision of a skillful Naval Architect. We guarantee satisfaction. All Neptune boats are equipped with Buffalo Motors unless otherwise specified. Catalogue on request.

Neptune Launch and Manufacturing Company, Dept. 13, Evansville, Ind.

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Antidyspeptic. A tonic, an appetizer and a delicacy in mixed drinks.

The Government

protects its citizens against counterfeit money—the law of (March 3d, 1897) equally protects the public against counterfeit whiskey.

Every bottle of

**Sunny Brook
STRAIGHT
Whiskey**

BOTTLED IN BOND

Complies with this law and is bottled under direct supervision of Gov't Officials and is sealed by U. S. Treasury Dept's "GREEN STAMP." Sunny Brook was the only Whiskey awarded **Grand Prize and Gold Medal** at St. Louis World's Fair.

Avoid Whiskies not Guaranteed by U. S.

SUNNY BROOK DISTILLERY CO., Jefferson County, Ky.

**THE
EQUITABLE**

HENRY B. HYDE
PRESIDENT

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PRESIDENT



J. H. HYDE
VICE PRESIDENT

\$2,500 A YEAR FOR LIFE.

The Equitable Life Assurance Society paid yesterday the claim on policy No. 695,074. This was one of the Society's new Continuous Instalment Policies; and under it the widow of the deceased is guaranteed \$2,500 a year as long as she lives. As the widow is only about thirty-five years of age, it is probable that she will live to receive the income for thirty-five years, or even more.

—New York Tribune.

The assured under the above mentioned policy had only paid \$7240 in premiums. In return for this amount, the Equitable must pay \$50,000, and may pay \$100,000 or even more.

If you would like full information regarding this new form of policy send coupon below, or write, for leaflet.

Splendid opportunities for men of character to act as representatives.
Write to GAGE E. TARBELL, 222 York President.

THE EQUITABLE LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY, 120 Broadway, New York, Dept. 26

Please send me information regarding a Continuous Instalment Endowment

for \$ _____, issued to a person _____ years of age

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____



THE skill of the most famous chef is equaled in the man who has given MURAD CIGARETTES their distinctive and exquisite flavor. Mr. Allan Ramsay, Turkey's government expert needs no introduction, nor should his latest and best production,

MURAD CIGARETTES

Containing a perfected blend of the rarest Turkish tobacco, which Mr. Ramsay found was alone acceptable to the exacting taste of Turkish connoisseurs, they are preparatory delights to a good dinner.

10 for 15 cents



HINT TO MANAGERS.

"How is it the Stormer Stock is doing such a business?"
"Why, hadn't you heard? At all matinees, after the audience is in, they hold a ladies' voting contest to decide on the play."

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An ideal spring and summer resort in the Blue Ridge Mountains of Pennsylvania, with Stroudsburg and the beautiful Delaware Valley near by; 2½ hours from New York, via Lackawanna Railroad, golf, boating, bathing, fishing.

A handsomely illustrated book of 128 pages, with full information about hotels and boarding houses, and a fascinating love story, "A Paper Proposal," will be sent for 10 cents in stamps. Address T. W. Lee, General Passenger Agent, Lackawanna Railroad, New York City.



I.
THE SCISSORS GRINDER.—Disa no gooda country. Beesness is ona da bum.



II.
THE ORGAN GRINDER.—Here, youa Rocco, what fora you pulla me back?



III.
THE SCISSORS GRINDER.—Hah! You assaula me! We shalla see!



IV.
THE ORGAN GRINDER.—You trya to steala da bear. Take data for a goodada soak!



V.
“Hurry da up, Rocco! Da organ is alla bust!”



VI.
“In sixa moont I goa back to da Sunny It.”

THE MEETING OF THE GRINDERS.